FROM A LADY'S SCRAP-BOOK.

"Yes, aunt, you must excuse me." "But, Fred." "There are no buts about it, my dear aunt. I cannot and will not be taken

down to the drawing-room to-night." "Then I shall certainly be compelled to excuse you," I replied, striving hard to keep back the tears which some way would fill my eyes every time I attempted to reason with the noble fellow lying so helpless before me.

Months before the opening of this story Fred Travers, in attempting to ascend a scaffolding raised upon a building of which he was the architect, was precipitated to the pavement, striking upon his feet. The effect was partial paralysis to the lower limbs. Everything that medical skill could suggest was promptly at-tended to, but with very little success; and the poor fellow had about decided that he must remain a helpless cripple the rest of his life. I shall never forget the day he resigned himself to his fate. Every member of the family was requested to keep out of his room until he signified his desire to be visited.

About eight o'clock in the evening I was summoned to Fred's apartment "Well," said I, taking his outstretched hand, "what is it?"

"Oh, nothing, aunt; only I have had a funeral; and the strangest part of all is, I was chief mourner. I have buried all my youthful hopes and aspirations; and henceforth there will be no more sniveling over the 'inevitable.'"

Since my nephew's accident, I had not held my usual Wednesday evening receptions; but he was now so far recovered that I thought it best to begin again. All my attempts to have him make one of the party were useless. He saw that I was grieved, and said, while a bitter smile played round his handsome mouth, "It would be a pretty sight now, wouldn't it, to see me, a great strapping fellow, six-feet in my stockings, carried by a foot-man down into the parlor?"
"But, Fred, Ben can take you down

before any one comes. And all of my friends know that I never entertain company after eleven; so you will not become tired of sitting."

yMy dear, precious little aunt, don't you see that I am not yet able to conquer the mortification this helplessness entails upon me? I shall lie on the sofa in the library, and you can leave the doors open so that the strains of music will float up. to me; and I shall enjoy myself quite as much as if one of the crowd.'

I don't know why I was unable to keep my thoughts with the company assembled; but they would stray off up stairs, and several times I caught myself whisp-ering, "Poor Fred! poor Fred!" More than one inquiry was made for him, for he was a favorite of us all -but to no one did I say, "Go up stairs," I knew he did not wish it.

The belle of the evening was a Miss the fascinating strains of Strauss, I ran up stairs to see how Fred was enjoying himself. The gas was turned quite low, but the grate sent out a cheerful light which illuminated the center of the room leaving the sides and corners in deep

Miss Griffin, supposing herself the sole occupant of the room, had taken a seat upon the carpet in front of the fire; and there, her quaint little head bent on one side, canary fashion, she sat muttering to herself. I stopped and listened; I couldn't help it to save my life. couldn't help it to save my life.

"Why, isn't this jolly! This seems omelike. I don't believe I like parties. Oh! I forgot; my boot hurt me. That's my excuse for running away from that horrid walts. I wonder what dreadful creature first conceived the idea of ng? If I had my way he should hop through all ages, and on one foot too! Heigho! a nice fire; how cheerful! Our library used to be something like this before papa died. Oh, dear! There isn't a bit of happiness in the world unless one has somebody to love one!" and then I knew the little creature was

Now, that was too bad. What could Now, that was too bad. What could I do? Nothing evidently. What would Fred do? Keep very quiet, and allow her to depart in total ignorance of his presence. But that this little episode would leave a deep and lasting impression, I, who knew Fred so thoroughly, perfectly understood.

se do not feel distressed about it. I should have spoken when you first entered, but I foolishly imagined you would be able to leave without observing me. If it does not make you feel annoyed, I shall be very glad it has happened it has afforded me a glimpse of some-

hing natural and spontaneous."

I knew it was wrong to stop there listening, but I was actually rivited to the spot. Women always have some excuse for prying; and "riveted" is as good as any for me. ng, but I was actually rivited to

"Not very," he replied; "although robably an invalid for life." The end of this episode is not yet,

ly name is Miss Griffin-Margaret min. Most everybody calls me Mag-

"And my name is Travers—Frederick Fravers. Most everybody calls me Fred," mplied her companion; but I knew by the tone of my nephew's voice that, for

The Albany Register. the moment, be had ceased to think of himself and his infirmity. "I am Mrs.

Andrews' nephew, at your service."

"Let us be friends," she said, sweetly and I knew then, just as well as I know now, that Maggie Griffin's hand lay in that of the invalid. "I don't want to say I am sorry for

there are few who like to be pitied. It don't seem to me that I should care much about walking; that is, if I had plenty of money, and somebody to care for me, and lots of books !"

But the tremulant in the girl's voice betraved her, and the next moment she was sobbing convulsively. Quick steps ascended the stairs, and I moved away from the threshold very much like a person caught in the act of stealing. What occurred subsequently I did not know until some time after. I tried to conceal my abstraction and appear as usual, and was somewhat relieved when, a few minutes after, Miss Griffin took her seat at the piano, and with a brilliant sweep of her little fingers commenced the "Laughing Song." How she did laugh and how she did sing! For a week after, the echo of those bewitching strains seemed to meet me in the far corners of the house, and only ten minutes before she was sobbing as if her heart would

"I never heard Maggie sing so well,"

observed a lady friend.

"She really excels herself."

Didn't I know that she was singing for Fred? Didn't I know that her voice was laden with love, and heavily laden too? The poor child had not yet begun to feel its weight.
"Heaven help her," I said softly to

"How did you like the singing, Fred?" I asked the next morning, at breakfast. "It was delightful. Of all the contral-

tos I ever heard, that was the richest. But who was the fair vocalist? for of course she is fair." "A stranger, Fred," I answered care-

lessly, glancing at his handsome face. "A Miss Griffia-Maggie Griffia, I believe they call her."

His face was like that of an angel for moment; inexpressible satisfaction was depicted on every lineament; but it gradually faded, and the old patient, sombre look resumed its place. Not another word was spoken.

For the next two months Fred received many tiny perfumed notes, and I noticed that Ben (the footman) made trips to the post-office more frequently than formerly. In the meantime I had met the young lady on several occasions, and we had become very good friends; but I kept my own counsel. I noticed that for several days Fred had looked exceedingly sad and careworn. My first thought was not to remark upon it; but when I saw the quiver of the poor fellow's lip, I could keep silent no longer.

"Well, dear, what is it?" I asked "Oh, aunt, I have been trying to have another funeral, but the body refuses to be buried. I dug the grave, but the

rest is beyond me."
"It seems to me, Fred, that if I were Some one volunteered to play a waltz, for some unknown reason, once laid so and as the young folks flew round to desolate—to blossom and bear fruit. Throw nothing away which is holy, and calculated to lessen your burden.'

"Aunt, what do you mean?" he Just then Ben stuck his head in

"Miss Griffin wishes to see Mrs. Andrews and Mr. Traver immediate-"Good gracious! exclaimed Fred.

"Show her up, Ben," I ordered. "But, aunt, not here. You don'tthat is-I never, you see -" But the sulden entrance of the young

lady put an end to all indecision. "I am so glad to find you both together!" she exclaimed walking straight to the side of Fred's chair. "This letter will explain why I am here. Allow me to read it."

"Please don't!" implored Fred, recognizing his own chirography.
"Very well, then," said she, folding the note. "But, Mrs. Andrews, your nephew and I have corresponded for two months. I love him, and he loves me. This morning I received this cruel note.

He bas irrevocably determined, he says, not to allow this love to go on another day-that he will not doom me to the life such a love will entail. Who ever will retire."

"Oh, Maggie!" whispered Fred, looking steadfastly out of the window; "you don't know what you are talking about." sion, I, who knew Fred so thoroughly, perfectly understood.

"How much pleasanter to spend an evening here than with all those stupid folks down stairs!" and the little one arose from her low seat, and began a survey of the apartment. I knew it was all up then, In a second more, a smothered shriek, a quick "I beg pardon sir; I thought I was alone!" was wafted to my

again. "Heaven bless you, darling! I love you more than myself a thousand times over. You shall stay." That was what

What did I do? Looked on a moment at the little figure kneeling beside my nephew's chair, while he laid his hands gently on the curly head, thanking Hea- the most portable and valuable knickven, I know, for the blessings of his life, nackeries were no where vicible; the walked out to my own room, and had a floor was strewn with a debris composed

HOSTILE EMILY .- We clip the follow ing from a late San Francisco paper : Tax Collector Austin, while in the discharge of his official duties, had the following, with \$13-39, thrust upon him:
"I, Emily Pitts Stevens, do hereby protest against the injustice of the payment of these, since taxation without representation is tyranny."

How to raise beets-take hold of the

BY C. C. NORTHRUP.

Abijah Simpkins was the most patient man we ever knew. In his life he had enough to try the patience of a saint, yet he maintained his imperturbability, you," she continued, "because I think and was never known to speak an angry word or give an angry look.

If ever a man deserved canonization, it was Abijah; his wife kept up a cannonade of vituperative adjuration nearly every minute he was in the house. His universal placidity would sometimes rouse the temale Simpkins to such a pitch that dishes from the table and small articles of furniture would fly about the room promiscuously, and Mr. S. would be compelled ignominiously to flee from the citadel.

Simpkins had a prosperous business in an interior city, and he was one of the most generous of men; no wish of his fied, yet nothing suited her; articles that she herself selected would not suit for a day; and on poor Simpkin's head were poured the entire vials of her nonsuited

Previous to marriage Mrs. S. had appeared as entirely destitute of temper as man in a chair. While this was going her lover; and Simpkins thought in securing such a wife he was securing a priceless treasure; but marriage changed the colour de rose to colour de diable.

Mrs. S. had a cousin of the male persussion; he possessed a large, course person, surmounted by an amazing shock-of red hair, of the fineness of swine's

Although a cousin somewhat remote, he never was far distant from Simpkins' house. Being poor and too lazy to work, he at Mrs. S.'s solicitation, became an inmate of her home, and his support decity, after he had spent all my money; volved on the family.

Abijah accidently entered his parlor at

an inoportune moment one day, and dis-covered Mrs. S. and her cousin in close embrace, drinking sweetness long drawn out, from dallying lips. He was assailed by Mrs. S., with the pleasing salutation: "Prying sneak, what do you want

"Nothing, my love—yes, there is, I want a book which I came for;" replied Simpkins.

"Well, take it, and relieve us of your hateful presence. Cousin Hiram has met with a severe loss ; he has just received news of the death of a second cousin in India, whom he has never seen, and I am trying to assuage his grief." Here coasin Hiram commenced to sob. "Now if you have found your book, take yourself off, and don't again interrupt me when I am consoling my poor, forlorn orphan relative." "Certainly not my love, excuse me;

and, exit Simpkins. When all were retired for the night and the usual curtain lecture commenced, Mrs. S. dilated to Simpkins on the enormity of his offense in entering unbidden where sacred grief was holding

"My dear," said Simpkins, "could you not assuage your relative's grief in some other manner? Do you think the position

hall, locked the door, and regained her bed to meditate and dream.

A suspicious man would have discovered with "half an eye" that Mrs. S. was growing remarkably affectionate towards cousin Hiram; but Simpkins was not a suspicious map. He daily saw the en-dearing looks and actions, and at the ta-ble saw the choicest dainties placed on cousin Hiram's plate. He did not remonstrate if he did remark those significant indications; he merely retained his

usual placidity. Returning one day from business at an earlier hour than usual, Abijah let himself in with a latch key, and proceeded directly to his sleeping apartment to perform his ablutions; removing his coat, he poured some water into the washbow commenced washing. A noise from the other side of the room attracted his attention and caused him to turn his head. What did he see? In his marital couch were reposing the forms of his wife and cousin Hiram. What did he do? he merely said, "excuse me, my dear," and went on with his washing.

Mrs. S. soon found her tongue and ordered him out of the room. "But where shall I go?" said S.; as soon as "I have finished my ablutions I

"Go to the d——l;" replied Mrs. S. Simpkins finished washing his hands and face, parting his back hair evenly, carefully dusted his coat, put it on, went out of the room, closed the door, descended the half. ded the hall stairs, took his hat from the rack, and baving adjusted the knap in the proper direction, put it on his head and departed from the house. He pro-ceeded to his lawyer, calmly related what

he had seen, and asked his advice. "What shall you do?" said Judge Hardy, staring in blank astonishment at Simpkins. "Why, divorce, of course. "I'll commence an action for you at

Simpkins said he bore her no malice.

Mr. S. returned home at an unusually late hour for him; he found the house closed and dark ; entering he lit the gas in the parlor; what a scene met his sight; tous for prying; and "riveted" is as good cry, woman fashion.

Two years have passed since then, and the fred walks now as well as any one.

Two years have passed since then, and the fred walks now as well as any one.

Simpkins never had other great troubles to try his sublime patience, lived such like articles. Further investigation developed the fact that the spoons were all missing, and all the crockery ware was broken; the house bad been speedily and faithfully cleared of its most valuable adornments; Mrs. Simpkins was missing,

and cousin Hiram was missing. In consultation with his lawyer the In consultation with his lawyer the next morning, S. refused to allow the fugitive lovers and fugitive goods to be pursued. He said: "Not for the world would I interrupt the pleasures of their

In due time the decree of divorce was obtained; Abijab refurnished his house.

and took to his home a new wife who proved a most exemplary woman. The old adage "patient waiters are no losers," had an exemplification. Abijah was resping

One evening Abijah and his wife were

other. The servant who went to the door re turned to the parlor with the message that a lady with a child desired to see Mr. Simpkins immediately, on private

and important business.

"Show her into the library, Jane," said Mr. S., "and immediately light the gas and start a fire. I will be with her in a moment."

When Simpkins entered the library he beheld before the fire, just kindling into a blaze, a woman shabby and dirty, holding a child in her arms; she stood with her back partially towards him; hearing wife, however extravagant, was ungrati-fied, yet nothing suited her; articles that put the child on the floor and made a rush for Abijah; before he could retreat he was in the arms of the female, whom he speedily recognized as his former wife.
As hastily as possible he disengaged himself, and with gentle force seated the worous yelling, to which the former Mrs. S. paid no attention, but fell on her knees before Simpkins, and raising her hands in an imploring attitude, she in the most piteous strains begged her dear Abijah to take her back to his hearth and home.

"Where is cousin Hiram?" said Mr when the woman was forced to hold up for want of breath, and the child was forced to stop yelling for a moment or

and I have walked nearly all the way here," sobbed the former Mrs. S. "Now, wont you take me back ?"

"But your request is impossible," calm-ly replied Simpkins, "I have been divorced from you, and for a year have been married to another woman.

"And will you desert me and your own child?" said the former Mrs. S., in a voice which was gradually assuming the cresendo, and taking up the child which had resumed his audibility, she held him up towards Simpkins, who commenced to ack toward the door in order to escape from the storm which he saw rising "Madam," said he, "you will observe that child has a head of a decidedly red ish cast, while both your hair and my own are of a dark hue. I cannot own the child to be my offspring nor give you shelter in this house; so you must immediately depart." This was spoken in an unruffled tone, and as he spoke he had nearly reached the door; the woman was too quick for him, she flung the child on the floor, and in a moment had Simpkins by the shoulder and flung him back into the centre of the room where he landed against a heavy chair, which was overturned, and he fell to the floor; then the late Mrs. S. showed she had not forgotten her old tricks; she seized a large boarding school cousins, but a stranger to me. She sang exquisitely, played with a skill truly professional, conversed intelligently and intelligibly; and these lafter accomplishments were so rare among young ladies generally, that I found myself quite attracted to her. Some one volunteered to play a waltz, and as the young folks flew round its lease of the third of the desirous of in which I found you was hardly appropriate? Do you think the position in which I found you was hardly appropriate? To you think the position in which I found you was hardly appropriate? Now the vials of wrath were fully uncorked. S. retreated, after receiving a slight scalp wound, and spent the might in another apartment. Mrs. Simpkins, after removing the loose change from her haste to throw it at her tallen foe, it slipped from the manner? Do you think the position in which I found you was hardly appropriate?"

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Now the vials of wrath were fully uncorked. S. retreated, after receiving a slight scalp wound, and spent the might wound the window causing a terrible crash; the window cau pittoon but it was too heavy for her; in

Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address, and test the business, we make this unparalleled servant, rushed from the basement, shouting "fire!" "murder!" "thieves!" "robbers!" Heads were poked out of windows up and down the street, one policeman arrived, but hearing so much noise in the house, he dared not enter alone, thinking half a dozen murderers, at least were in the house. When five officers had reached the spot, they bravely entered, arriving just in time to prevent the woman from setting fire to a pile composed of everything moveable in the room, under which setting fire to a pile composed of every-Simpkins lay waiting for some one to rescue him. The valiant officers after a liberal use of clubs, succeeded in gaining command of the infuriated woman, removed her from the house, four men being required to perform the work; the fifth followed carrying the baby, which

Jane closed the door, taking in an officer to assist in searching for the murdered Simpkins. Fourteen physicians were demanding entrance, but the officer would allow but one to enter; as they entered the room Simpkins arose from the pile of rubbish calm and collected, informed the officer and doctor that he was unin jured, and dismissed them with thanks, explained matters to his wife, who had ust regained consciousness (she having fainted away, supposing her husband murdered), went to the front door and informed the large crowd there congregated, that no one was harmed; left the library in the servant's hands, requesting and a like quantity of Puddings her to see well to the fire and put out the gas when she had rearranged the room returned to the parlor with his wife and after he had reassured her, completed a story which he was reading when inter-rupted by the caller, retired at his usual time and slept soundly. He never was splendid Dessert, and has no more troubled by the former Mrs. S. equal as a light and delicate She acted so outrageously at the stationiouss and in the court room that the udge ordered her sent to the insane asyum. When it was decided that she night be allowed partial liberty, she was employed as an assistant, and finally be-came one of the keepers in the female ward. She was made of hard stuff, and hard business suited her, as when the whim took her she could beat one of the patients with no one to molest her. Here

she ended her life. Simpkins never had other great troub-

"Kate." writes from Bridgeport, Cont. to a Boston weekly journal, saying: "I married where I did not love, and now I love where I cannot marry. O, what shall I do? Move to Chicago.

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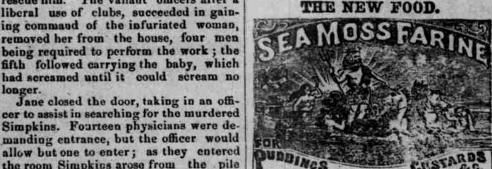
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